FRECKLES

Gene Stratton-

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Porter

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ANGELS GLAD STORY. HE angel glauced at the card. The Chicago address was suit 11. Auditorium. She laid her

hand on her driver's sleeve. "There's a fast driving limit?" she

nsked. "Yes, miss."

"Will you crowd it all you can without danger of arrest? I will pay well. I must catch some people!"

Then she smiled at him. The hospital, an orphans' home, and the Auditorium seemed a queer combination to that driver, but the angel was always and everywhere the angel, and her ways were strictly her own.

"I will get you there just as ouickly as any man could with a team," he

and, as best she could in the lurching, swaving cab, read the addresses over. "O'More, suite eleven, Auditorium."

"'O'More,'" she repeated. "Seems that could be his name? Suite eleven means that you are pretty well fixed. Suites in the Auditorium come high."

Then she turned the card and read | init. on its reverse. Lord Maxwell O'More. Ireland.

"A lord man!" she grouned despairingly. "A lord mah! Het my hoe cake's scorched!"

spreading the paper on her knee, read: 'After three months' fruitless search, today for his home in fremad."

She read on, and realized every word of it. The likeness settled it. It was hands, Freckles over again, only older and elegantly drouged. There was not a chance to doubt.

Thank you; and wait, no matter how long," she said to her driver. Catching up the paper, she burried O'More's card.

"Has my uncle started yet?" she asked, sweetly,

The surprised clerk stepped back on being in the way. "His fordship is in his room," he

said with a low bow The clerk shoved the bellboy toward the nagel.

"Show her ladyship to the elevator and Lord O'More's suit," he said, bowing double.

At the hellhoy's tan the door swing open and the liveried servant thrust a rd tray before the angel. The mining of the door created a current mit meaned a certain riside, and in room, ounging in a grea chair, with a paper in his band, sat the man who was, beyond question,

of Freckles' blood and race. With perfect control the angel dropped Lord O'More's card on the tray, whipped past his servant and good before his tordship.

"Good morning," she said with

ense politeness. Lord O'More glanced her over with amused curiosity until her color began to deepen and her blood to run

"Well, my dear," he said at last, "how can I serve you?"

Instantly the angel bristled. had been so shielded in the midst of almost entire freedom, owing to the circumstances of her life, that the words and the look appealed to her as almost insulting. She lifted her lead with a proud gesture.

"I am not your 'dear,' " she said. with slow distinctness. "There isn't a thing in the world you can do for me. I came here to see if I could do something-a very great somethingfor you; but if I don't like you I won't

There was a silken rustle and beautiful woman with cheeks of cherry bloom, hair of jet and eyes of pure Irish blue, moved to Lord O'More's side and, catching his arm, shook him impatiently.

"Terence! Have you lost your senses?" she cried. "Didn't you understand what the child said? Look at her face! See what she has!"

"I beg your pardon," he said. "The fact is, I am leaving Chicago sorely disappointed. It makes me bitter and reckless. I thought it was some more of those queer, useless people that have thrust themselves on me constantly, and I was careless. Forgive me and tell me why you came."

"I will if I like you," said the an gel stoutly, "and if I don't I won't!" "But I began all wrong, and now I don't know how to make you like me," said his lordship, with sincere penitence in his tone

The angel looked into the beautiful

woman's face "Are you his wife?" she asked "Yes," said the woman, "I am his

"Well," said the angel judicially, "the Bird Woman says no one in the whole world knows all a man's bignesses and all his littlenesses as his wife does. What you think of him ought to do for me. Do you like in the face and with perfect frankness.

"Better than any one in the whole world," said Lady O'More promptly.

The angel mused a second, and then her legal tinge came to the fore again. "Yes, but have you any one you could like better if he wasn't all right?"

she persisted. "I have three of his sons, two ittle daughters, a father, mother and ieveral brothers and sisters." came the quick reply.

"And you like him best?" persisted the angel with finality. "I love him so much that I would

said Lord O'More's wife. "Oh!" cried the angel. "Oh, my!"

She lifted her clear eyes to Lord O'More's and shook her head. "She never, never could do that!" she said. "But it's a mighty big thing to your credit that she thinks she could. I guess I'll tell you why I

She laid down the paper and touched the portrait. "When you were just a boy, did

people call you Freckles?" she asked. "Dozens of good fellows all over Ireland and the continent are doing it today," answered Lord O'More, The angel's face lighted with her

most beautiful smile. "I was sure of it," she said winning-"That's what we call bim, and he is so like you. I doubt if any one of those three boys of yours are more so. But it's been twenty years. Seems to me you've been a long time coming!" wrists and his wife slipped her arms

about her. "Steady, my girl!" said the man's voice hoursely. "Don't make me think you've brought word of the boy at this last hour unless you know surely."

"It's all right," said the angel, "We have him, and there's no chance of a mistake. If I hadn't gove to that home for his little clothes and heard of you and been hunting you and had met you on the street, or anywhere, I should have stopped you and asked you who you were just because you are so She clung to the card and paper, like him. It's all right. I can tell you where Freckles is; but whether von deserve to know-that's another matter!"

Lord O'More did not hear her. He to fit Freckles to a dot. Wonder if dropped back in his chair and, covering his face, burst into those terrible sobs that shake and rend a strong man. Lady O'More hovered over him, weep-

"Umph! Looks pretty fair for Free M. P., Killvany place, County Clare, kles," muttered the angel. "Lots of things can be explained. Now perhaps

they can explain this." They did explain so fully that in a few minutes the angel was on her feet, She blinked back the tears and, hurrying Lord and Lady O'More to reach the hospital.

"You said Freckles' old nurse knew Lord O'More gives up the quest for his mother's picture instantly," said his lost nephew, and leaves Chicago the angel. "I want that picture and

the bundle of little clothes." Lady O'More gave them into her The likeness was a large miniature

painted on ivory, with a frame of beaten gold, and the face that looked out of it was of extreme beauty and surpassing sweetness. Surrounded by masses of dark hair was a delicately to the desk and laid down Lord out face, with big eyes. In the upper part of it there was no trace of

Freckles, but the lips curving in a smile were his very own. The angel a beliboy, and covertly kicked him for gazed as if she could never leave off. Then with a quivering breath she laid the portrait aside and reached both arms for Lord O'More's neck.

"That will save Freckles' life and insure his happiness," she said posttively. "Thank you, oh, thank you for coming"

She kissed and hugged him and then the wife who had come with him. She opened the bundle of vellow and brown linen and gave just a glance ture to her heart and led the way to the cab.

the reception room, she said to Mc-Lean, "Please go call up my father and ask him to come on the first

She swung the door after him. "These are Freckles' people," she

to him. And she was gone.

the angel entered, still carrying the bundle and the picture. When they were alone the angel turned to Freckles and saw that the crisis was, indeed, at hand.

"Angel," he panted. "Oh, angel! Did you get them? Are they white? Are the little stitches there? Oh, angel! Did me mother love me?"

The words seemed to leap from his burning lips. The angel dropped the bundle on the bed and laid the nicture, face down, across his knees. She gently pushed his head to the pillow

and caught his arms in a firm grasp. fullest assurance. "No little clothes were ever whiter. I never in all my life saw such dainty, fine little stitches, and, as for loving you, no boy's mother ever loved him more!"

A great trembling seized Freckles. "Sure? Are you sure?" he urged

with clicking teeth,
"I know," said the augel firmly, 'And, Freckles, while you rest and be glad I want to tell you a little story. When you feel stronger we will look at the clothes together. They are here. They are all right. But when I was at the home getting them I heard of some people that were hunting a lost boy. I went to see them, and what they told me was all so exactly like what might have happened to you that I must tell you. Then you'll see that things could be very different from what you have always tortured yourself with think-

Freckles lay quiet under her touch. but he did not hear a word that she was saying until his roving eyes rested on her face; and he immediately noticed a remarkable thing. For the first time she was talking to him and doing everything but meet his eyes. That was not like the angel at all. It was the delight of hearing her speak that she always looked one squarely

"-and he was a sour, grumpy old man," she was saying. "He always had been spoiled, because he was an only son and had a title and a big estate. He would have just his way, no matter about his sweet little wife. or his boys, or any one. So when his eldest son fell in love with a beautiful girl with a title, the very girl of all the world his father wanted him to, and added a big adjoining estate to his, why, that pleased

"Then he went and ordered his other son to murty a poky kind of a

was different. That was all the world above him, different, because the eldest son had | "How strong are you, dear heart?" wonder, for I saw her! She's a royal that?" beauty and she has the sweetest way.

been in love with the village vicar's you do!" daughter all his life. That's no wonder either, for she was more beauti- strain with the angel! Nerve tension ful yet. She could sing like the an- was drawn to the finest thread. It gels, but she hadn', a cent. She loved him to death, too, if he was bony and freekled and red baired-1 you that! You said this morning that don't mean that! They didn't say you would die if you didn't know what color his hair was, but his father's must have been the reddest ever, honorable. Now I've gone and found for when he found out about them, and it wasn't anything so terrible, he just

the pretty one with no money, of you turn round and say you'll die over course-and he hurt her feelings until that! You just try dying and you'll she ran away. She went over to Lon- get a good slap!" Lord O'More caught the angel's don and began studying music. Soon to this country.

> CHAPTER XXIII. THREE GUESSES.

HEN the younger son found that she had left London, he ran off and followed her," continued the angel. Freewas listening most attentively "When she got here all alone and afraid," the angel went on, "and saw him coming to her, why, she was so glad she up at 1 married him, just like anybody else would have done. He didn't want her to travel with the troupe, so when they got to Chicago they thought that would be a good place, and they stopped, and he hunted bave first!" work. It was slow business, because ne had never been taught to do a useful thing, and he didn't even know how to he found it; so pretty soon things were going wrong. But if he couldn't find the work, she could always sing, so she ing at night, and made little things in the daytime. He didn't like her to sing in public, and he wouldn't let her when he could help himself, but winter came, it was very cold, and fire was expensive. Rents went up, and they had to move farther out to cheaper and

cheaper places; and you were coming-I mean, the boy that is lost was coming-and they were almost distracted. Then the man wrote and told his father all about it, and his father sent the letter back unopened and wrote him to never write again. "When the baby came, there was mighty little left to pawn for food and doctor, and nothing at all for a nurse, so an old neighbor woman went in and ook care of the young mother and the little baby, just because she was so sorry for them. By that time they were away out in the suburbs on the top floor of a little wooden house, among a lot of factories, and it kept getting colder, with less to eat. Then the man got desperate, and he went out to just

find something to cat; and the woman was desperate, too. She got up, left the old woman to take care of her baby and went into the city to sing for some money. The woman got so cold she put the baby in bed and went home. Then a beiler blew up in a factory at the texture and work. Then she beside the little house and set it on fire. gathered the little clothes and the pic- A piece of iron was pitched across the

Hitle bouge and broke It came down smash, and cut just one Ushering Lord and Lady O'More into little hand off the poor baby. It screamed and screamed, and the fire kept coming closer and closer.

"The old woman ran out with the rest of the people and saw what had happened. She knew there wasn't going to be time to wait for the firesaid to the Bird Woman. "You can men or anything, and she ran into the find out about each other. I'm going building. She could hear the poor little baby screaming, and she couldn't The nurse left the room quietly as to it. There it was, all hurt and bleeding. Then she was scared almost to death over thinking what its mother leaving it, so she ran to a home for little friendless bables that was near there is a good deal of it. I have to and banged on the door. Then she hid put in your house and country, so that across the street until the baby was taken in, and then she ran back to see if her own house was burning up. ple there teld her that the beautiful lady came back and ran into the house to find her baby. She had fust gone to when her busband came, and he "Yes, dear heart." she said with went in after her, and the house went

down over both of them." Freckles lay rigid, with his eyes on the angel's face, and she talked rapid-

ly to the celling. "Then the old woman was just sick about that poor little baby. She was afraid to tell them at the home, because she knew she never should have left it, but she wrote a letter and sent it to where the beautiful woman, when she was ill, had said her husband's people lived. She told all about the little baby that she could remember; when it was born, how it was named for the man's elder brother, that its father. Oh. angel, send for him hand had been cut off in the fire, and where she had put it to be doctored and taken care off. She told them that its mother and father were both burn ed, and she begged and implored them to come and get it.

"You think it would have melted heart of ice, but that old man hadn't any heart to melt, for he got that letter and read it. He hid it away then down beside him. He slipped his among his papers and never told a arm about her and drew her face to soul. A few months ago he died his pillow. When his elder son went to settle up his business he found that letter almost the dirst thing. He dropped everything, and came, with his wife, must tell me." to hunt that baby, because he had always loved his brother dearly, and wanted him back. He had hunted for mean the baby was gone-and I had to tell you, Freckles, for you see it might have happened to you like that just as easy as to that other lost

Freckles reached up and turned the angel's face until he compelled her

eyes to meet his. "Angel," said Freckles at last, catching her wrist, "are you trying to tell me that there is somebody hunting a boy that you're thinking might be me? Are you belavin' you've found

me relations?" Then the angel's eyes came home eves, if hy so doing I could save him." big estate on the other side, and that Freekles' arms to his sides and bent me mampe," guessed Freekles.

been in love all his life with the girl the breathed. "How brave are you? he married, and, oh, Freckies, it's no an you bear it? Dare I tell you

gasped Freckles. "Not if "No!" "But that poor younger son, he had you're sure! I can't bear it! I'll die if

The day had been one unremitting snapped suddenly.

"Die?" she flamed. "Die, if I tell your name, and if your people were ou a name that stands for ages of honor, a mother that loved you enough go into the fire and die for you, "The old man went to see the girl- and the nicest kind of relatives, and

The angel stood glaring at him. she grew to be a lovely singer, and One second Freckles by paralyzed and then she joined a company and came dumb with astonishment. The next the Irish in his soul rose above everything. A rour of laughter hurst from him. The terrified angel caught him in her arms and tried to stide the sound. She implored and commanded. The tears rolled from Preckles' eyes and be wheezed on. When he was too worn out to utter another sound.

his eyes laughed silently. When he was quiet and rested the ingel commenced talking to him softly. 'Dear Freckles," she was saying. "neross your knees there is the face

the mother that went into the fire for you, and I know the name-old and full of honor-to which you were born. Dear heart, which will you "Me mother"

She lifted the lovely pictured face and set it in the nook of his arm. hunt work, least of all to do it when creekles caught her hand and drew down beside him, and together ev gazed at the picture.

"Me mother! Oh, me mother! Can you ever be forgiving mo? Oh, me beautiful little mother?" chanted reckies over and over in exalted

"Walt!" cried the angel to the mute prestion she could no more answer hen he could ask. "Wait, I will write

She hurried to the table, caught up no nurse's penell and on the back of



'ME MOTHER! OH, ME MOTHER!"

stand that, so she worked her way up a prescription tablet write, "Terence Maxwell O'More, Dunderry House, lot taken last week throughout this coun-

ounty Clare, Ireland." Before she had finished came Free "Yes," said the angel, "I am

you will feel located. "Me house?" marveled Freckles. "Of course," said the angel. "Your The factory and the little house and a uncle says your grandmother left your lot of others were all gone. The peo- father her dower house and estate, secause she knew his father would cut him off. You get that, and all your share of your grandfather's property besides. It is all set off for you and waiting. Lord O'More told me so. I suspect you are richer than McLean,

Freckles." She closed his fingers over the slip

and straightened his hair. "Now you are all right, dear Lim- er, the hottest scrap in the entire meet berlost guard," she said "You go to sleep and don't think of a thing but just pure joy, joy, joy! I'll keep your people until you wall a us

Freekles caught / skirt as she turned from him. "I'll go to sleep in five minutes," he said, "if you will be doing just one thing more for me. Send for your

quick! One instant the angel stood looking down on him. The next a crimson wave darkly stained her lovely face. Her chin began a spasmodic quivering and tears sprang into her eyes. Her hands caught at her chest as if she were stifling. Freckles' grasp on her tightened until he drew her up to and

"Don't angel; for the love of mercy on't be doing that," he implored. an't be bearing it. Tell me. You

The angel shook her head. "That ain't fair, angel," said Freekles. "You made me tell you when it him all be dared all these years, and was like tearing the heart raw from when he got here you were gone-I me breast. And you was for making everything beaven-just beaven and othing else for me. If I'm so much

ore now than I was an hour ago, maye I can be thinking of some way to fix things. You will be telling ma?" he coaxed softly, moving his cheek The angel's head moved in negation

"Maybe I can be guessing." he whispered. "Will you be giving me three chances?" There was just the faintest possible

reckles did a moment of intent think-

ssent. "You didn't want me to be knowing

The angel's head sprang from the pillow and her tear stained face flamed with outraged indignation. "Why, I did, too!" she burst out an-

grily. "One gone," said Freckles calmly, "You didn't want me to have relatives,

a home, and money." "I did!" screamed the angel. "Didn't I go myself, all alone, into the city, and find them when I was afraid as death?

world to be telling me"-

I did too!" "Two gone," said Freckles. "You sidn't want the beautifulest girl in the

Down went the angel's face, and a heavy sob shook her. Freckles' clasp tightened about her shoulders, and his face, in its conflicting emotions, was a study. Despite all it meant to him to was of honorable birth-knowledge without which life was an eternal disgrace and burden-the one thing that was hammering in Freckles' beart and beating in his brain past any attemptwhile he might really have been nameiess, the angel had told him that she loved him. He could find no word with which to begin to voice the rapture of his heart over that. But if done out of her pity for his condition or her feeling of responsibility, if it

his lips against her hair, "you haven't learned your history book very well. or you've forgotten."

one thing left to do.

Forgotten what?" sobbed the an-

"Forgotten about the real knight, ladybird," breathed Freckles softly, "Don't you know that if anything happened that made his lady sorry a real knight just simply couldn't be remembering it? Angel, darling little Swamp Angel, you be listening to me. There was one night on the trail, one solemn, grand, white night that there dismissed. wasn't ever any other like before or since, when the dear boss put his arm about me and told me that he loved ne, but if you care, angel, if you don't want it that way, why, I ain't remembering that anybody else ever did-not in me whole life."

The angel lifted her head and looked into the depths of Freckles' honest gray eyes, and they met hers unwaver-

ingly, but the pain in them was pitiful. "Do you mean," she demanded, "that you don't remember that a brazen, forward girl told you, when you hadn't asked her, that she"-the angel choked on it a second, but she gave a gulp and brought it out bravely-"that she loved

"No!" thundered Freckles. "No! I don't remember anything of the kind." But all the song birds of his soul burst into melody over that one little clause, "When you hadn't asked her." "But you will," said the angel. "You may live to be an old, old man, and

then you will." "I will not!" cried Freckles. "How can you think it, angel?" "You won't even look as if you re-

member!" "I will not!" persisted Freckles. "I'd rather give it all up now and go in this matter, I was still left to come out into e ernity alone, without ever seing a soul of me same blood or me ome or hearing another man call me anything that would be burt-

ing you, angel." (TO BE CONTINUED)

"LET THE PEOPLE SAY." (From the Morrisville Messenger.) if this is to be "a government of the cople, hy the people and for the people, the people must rule.

If not the government will perish from It was this, and this only that prompted this paper to institute the test bal-

at the annual town meetings. In its efforts to secure a full, free un- dramatic climax to a long conference he would do to her for going off and kles voice, "Angel, are you hurrying?" influenced verdict of the people, it was had with Secretary Wilson in the latter's amed by some of the best men in La- private office ta-day solile county. Not only the town clerks, ont such mon as Representative Hulbell Trucy, Esq., of Johnson, B. W. Maxfield Because of alleged technical irregularities and B. B. Haire of Eden, Hon, J. O. in the employment of Dr. H. H. Rushy rec is paid him as salary, but another homas of Belvidere; Hon. H. M. Beard Waterville: Hon. W. A. Spaulding of Emore; tlawley Dros and J. W. Hay- for dismissal by secretary Wilson. President fees, costs interests upon public monmore of Cambridge, and Hon. S. B. Waite of Hyde Park, had a meeting held in aside

that town. Every effort was put forth to secure It was a full vote. In most towns it ran equal to the license vote and ahead of the vote for town officers. In Morristown it was only one vote less than the total vote east for road commission-

The people have spoken in one count and should have the same opportunity

Now when the caucuses are called to lect aclegates to the convention at Mont-

"Let the People Say" for whom th legates to the great Chicago convention shall vote

The time for snap caucases and caucus

where a dozen men elect the delegates is past in Lamollia county forever, and trust it line all over Vermon Let us have a simple primary ballot, just as simple as the one used in this ounty at the March meetings. The people will stand for no compli-

ated, cumbersome affair. The good old way they have voted for town officers in Vermont for a hundred years is good enough for to-day. Let the People Say.

tamoille county blazed the way

CONCERNING THE KANSANS The ready wit of the late Eugene P Ware, author of "The Washerwoman's Song," and other poems, is shown in the following story:

the office of Pension Commissioner at Washington, under Roosevelt. The guests were equally divided be ween Missourians, from the twin city

He was giving a dinner at his home

n Kansas City, Kan, the place to which

ial, humorous host. Said a Missourian, "You Kansans always have your brass bands going and your flags flying. We from Missouri, get tired of your cook-sureness. Tell me. what have you decided about the hen, for instance; does she sit or does she

"We don't bother about things like that," flushed Ware. "What concerns us when she cackles is, has she laid or has she lied?"-From the St. Paul Dis-

PURE FOOD WILEY RESIGNS POSITION

Noted Chemist of U. S. Department of Agriculture Will Fight from the Ranks.

Washington, March 15 -- Dr. Harvey W. Wiley left the inboratories of the bureau know at last his name and that he of chemistry o-night, where for nearly years he had been chief chemist, no longer a government official but determined to champion the cause of pure food from the ranks of the people.

Friction with his superiors and irreconciliable differences of opinion as to the expression was the fact that, enforcement of the pure food and druss act were the reasons given by Dr. Wiley handing his resignation to Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture Dr. Wiley will devote the remainder of his life, according to a statement issued by him to-day, to the "promotion of the she regretted it, if it had been a thing principles of civic righteousness and industrial integrity which underlie the food and drugs act in the hope that it may kliled him after all, there was only be administered in the interest of the people at large instead of that of a com-"Angel." whispered Freckles with paratively few mercenary manufacturers

and dealers." President Tast expressed regret at the resignation. Secretary Wilson said by, Wiley has been a "valuable man" Wiley in his statement thanked Mr. Wilfor "the personal kindness and regard shown him" and likewise expressed to gratefulness to President Taft for exoperating him has summer in connection with alleved irregularities in employing thous. Dr. H. H. Rushy of New York Dr. produce a plant that would originally they remarks, however, that though he east no more than about twice as no was continued in his position after that as a steam boller of the same her incident, he naturally expected that "thos power. The 16,000 harse-power plant name who had made false charges" would be

ANTAGONIZED BY 'INTERESTS.' Dr. Wiley speaks in his statement of he "interests" which were found by his boen ilm to be engaged in the manufacture of reisbranded or adulterated foods and the Nils country and in this late drugs.

that the activities pertaining to the bu- of 23 feet. In Egypt, it is expected to reau of chemistry were restricted and va- troble, possibly quadruple, this caparious forms of manipulated food products and referred either to other bodies not agine contemplated by the law or directly relleved from further control.

"The official toleration and validation if such practices have restricted the activities of the hureau of chemistry to a ery narrow field, as a result of which I have been instructed to refrein from state the House and Secute, appears a taing in any public way my opinion regardng the effect of these sub-tances upon with my academic freedom or speech on Nebranka, as this is one of the matters relating directly to the publi Dr. Wiley's statement exbrought the charges of which he was exnerated last summer were not dismissed. other state that pays so little to its chief I naturally expected that those who had made these false charges against me would no longer be continued in a posiver, has not sustained my expectations o daily contact with the men who se-

retly plannel by destruction." Dr. Wiley explained the while he did g the time I was born to than to not desimine to leave the government 773 ing in his mind. "that the differences 25.0) per annum.

between his superiors and himself were orade which was e-sentially inhospitable." MAY GO ON LECTURE PLATFORM. Virginia and Wisconsin. he will continue his fight for pure foods

through the lecture field or as a writer r editor of homehold marazines. Until his successor is liese

bureau of chemistry. Wilton's resignation came as

the entered the service of the government as chief chemist in 1883, serving in indicated in the statement of

dent. Taft set the recommendations eys, perquisites of office or other compon-One rismor recently was that Dr. Wiley him of \$500 a year traveling expenses and would enter political life and might be- railroad fare, and \$2,750 per annum come a candidate for vice-president on maintenance of the governor's mansion" the democratic ticket. Dr. Wiley denied which is provided rent free.

this with a taught At the cabinet meeting President Taft was informed of Dr. Wiley's resignation Secretary Wilson. To newspaper mer after the cabinet meeting Secretary Wilon said: "The relations between me and

New York, March 15 -it is authoritative- aimilar accidents in Vermont, it ly announced here to-day that Dr. Wiley seeing to be necessary to regulate the publication engaged in household and lights. Not very long ago a like fatal-domestic matters. Dr. Wiley, it is stated ity resulted in St. Albans; and there would give his especial attention to mar- are frequent instances in which lesser

banging his chair for tout of chemistry cannot come in contact with stry of the United States department of crossed with wires of more

PUMPING WATER BY SUN POWER. show their business and are not afraid The sandy and sun-baked wastes of the to make recommendations as the conacross the line, and Kansas. All press | Nile, the artd lands of the Texas Pan-, ditions seem to warrant. ent had inbibed the spirit of their gen- handle, the nitrate fields of Chile, the deserts of Africa, in short, those dried out portions of the earth which for cenfarmer to be reclaimed by the very thing that has made them desolate—the sun. There was shipped recently from Philadelphia to Egypt the first section of the to Me!"-Puck. first sun-power plant ever invented and put to practical use. This is not the experiment of a dreamer but the completed and tested work-after many months of practical use in Taceny, a suburb of Phildelphia-of Frank Shuman, of Tacony | years.

or is this wonderful plant being sent to Egypt hap-hazard; it is going to fill an order of the Egyptian government, an orer given after a board of expert comissioners had spent months at the Tany plant as special investigators for

he Khedive. It is backed by British care al, placed only after the most exhausive investigation of the practical use of the sun-power plant. The Egyptian order was the first but not the only one which has been placed in the past several months. With the as-

arance from the Khedive's commissiones and from the English financiers, orers have begun to pour in from every section of the globe until Mr. Shuman has found it necessary to beam the erection of a plant to make sun-power plants. The work on this plant is starting now in hiladelphia.

This, in brief, is the story of the ultinate success of years of effort, of work and of testing, but it gives only a slight licen of the great factor that has entered agricultural and manufacturing development and what like wonderful sun-ray-

harnessing machinery will do The main object of the sun-power plant is to produce practical power at the least possible cost. The idea of "harneseing he sun" has been the dream of inventors nd the desire of the commercial giants. or years. Some efforts have men with a ertain amount of success but not we ractical success. Toya, almost, have en inverted which, were they used commercial purposes would prove for too outly to be practicable. It was toward se commercial use of the sun-power plant that Mr. Shuman bent all his of-

To achieve his end meant high efficiency at a low cost of installation and uppration and with a length of service while a would not make deterioration a fairt-It meant a plant so devised that it would not be unduly affected by wind some weather and so divided that if one section broke down it might be repaired without off noting the operation of the other so

labor shipped to Egypt meets this everequirement. The plant which has been in operation near Tactny la built low, so low that the winds have never injured it since h operation it is expected or appeare committeeight hours a flacting as sirendy turned out 3,000 guillons of "One by one," says Dr. Wiley, "I found | water a minute, throwing it to a heigh From "Sun Power to Irrigate the Nils withdrawn from its consideration Valley" in March Technical World Mus-

WHAT THE GOVERNORS ARE PAID.

tirom the Lincoln C ob | Run. In the new congressional directory sent it by the faint printing committee of lated stu ment of the salarles paid by arious states to their governors. nealth. This restriction has interfered makes a somewhat pitiful showing for rates in the union listed as paying heir -wernors the minimum salary. The presses his disappointment that those who | salary of the governor of Nebrasica ta given at \$2.500. Vermont is the only

Ithinois lands in liberality in payment f his governors, overtopping even Nov tion which would cake a repetition of York. It pays he governor 312 to a year, such action possible. The event how while New York, California, New Jersey, hio and Pennsylvania pay \$10,000 each. Fifty-one governors are listed for the tates, territories and insular poss . ons. Indiante, Massachusetts and I -a Rico pay each \$8,000 Minnesota, A

to and Hawaii, 27,500, each, Kentucky,\$6,and We dington pays Mac Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Jowa irreconcillable" and that he had been Kunsas, Louisiana, Michigan, Missouri,

conscious of an official environment Montana, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Virginia, West in the \$1,500 class are Maryland, Missle-Dr. Wiley has not yet decided whether sippi and Oklahoma, while Arkansas, Connecticut, Deleware, Nevada, Tenness-

emselves with \$1,000 Arizona terri

ny's governor get \$15 , and we gov r-Doolittle will act as chief of the nors of Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, South Carolina and South takota meet \$3,000 each This showing for Nebraska is not only tifut, it is unjust. It is a well-know tact that the governor of Nebraska gets n fact a great deal better than the kind that capacity continuously ever since, gree-local directory, Owing to a constitutional inhibition, no more than & of New York, a consulting chemist, Dr. providing of the constitution declarity Wiley was sometime ago recommended that he shall not receive to his own us-

sation, is violated by the allowances in

PAULTY ELECTRIC LIGHT FIX. TIRES. (From the Barre Times.)

in view of the fatal accident to Dr. Wiley have always been pleasant Attorney Robert A. Lawrence of Rutpersonally." He would say nothing more | and through presumably faulty elec-TO BE A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR. trle light fixtures, following, too, many would become contributing editor of a work of wiring buildings for electric shoels from the electric current have been received. It has been suggested Harvey Washington Wiley was bern to us that in addition to competent innear Kent. Jefferson county, Indiana, spection of all wiring, a provision October 18, 1844, and was educated at ought to be imposed that no button Hanover College (A. B. 197), indiana fixtures by allowed near sinks, bath-Medical College (M. D. 1870). Harvard tubs, etc. This provision would mean, University (B. 8 1878), and Unf-then, that wall buttons would be inversity of Berlin 1875. He started in his stalled, as are already installed in career as a teacher by becoming profess many buildings in Barre and other sor of Latin and Greek at Butler Uniscities. These wall buttons are removed versity Indianapolis, ind., holding the from the electric light bulb and wires position three years, 1865-71, and then ex- and are so protected that the fingers in the same institution, 1874-74. He then wires at all. In these days of multibecame professor of chemistry at Indiana plying wires, many of them of high Medical College and Purdue University voltage, a precaution of this sort is in succession, 1873-81. During 1881-83 he getting to be absolutely necessary was also State chemist of Indiana, and in safety of the individuals. These wires 1882 became chief of the division of chem- are likely at any time to become agriculture. Dr. Wiley has become wide- and thus greatly increase the danger known since his connection with the to people who are entirely unconscious he had retired after he resigned from government through his champtonship of of the situation, just as happened in the case of Mr. Lawrence. Then, after this is ione, we need wire inspectors who

First Old Park Lounger-"I wonder turies have resisted the efforts of the what's become of the old fellow who used to always occupy this bench?" Second Ditto meidly)- He died yesterday, and what's more, he left this bench

He-Married?

He-And happy, I hope? She-Perfectly, Haven't seen him in five